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# Watson's Art Journal,

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HENRY C. WATSON, EDITOR.

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ROSALIE MARA.

(CONCLUDED.)

About four years before these events, in a small theatre in the north of Germany, the rehearsal of "La Sonnambula" was just over. *Prima donna*, the tenor and bass, chorus and orchestra, all united, for the purpose of ridiculing the newly-arrived *cher-ropetitor*. One mimicked his face, another his walk, a third his manners, and a fourth set his ingenuity to work to invent some practical jokes for his intended victim. One person did not participate in this amusement—a young girl, about sixteen years of age, who belonged to the *soprani* of the chorus. Without being exactly beautiful, she had such an intelligent face, that interest was at once excited by it. Her eyes had a languid expression, sometimes varied by a look of disdain which she threw at the assembled company; her figure was noble, without being very high; and as she bounded over the stage to speak to a companion, her motions showed her to be possessed of infinite grace. As soon as the gentlemen had gone, she reproached

the ladies for engaging in an unbecoming pastime. At this moment our hero entered from the green-room, where he had been perusing the partition of "The Magic Flute," announced for performance on the next day. He seemed to recognize her like an old acquaintance, and after inquiring her name, introduced himself to her and the other ladies, as Alexander Feodor. He was a young man of twenty, who for the first time had left the parental roof; and having been born and educated in a small village where his father was the cantor, his manners had much of that awkwardness which had afforded so much amusement to the troupe. But he was accomplished in music. His father, besides being cantor, was an excellent pianist and organist, as well as a profound scholar in the theory of music, and a masterly linguist. When but seven years of age, Alexander played on the piano and organ with a skill which would have shamed many a practical professor; and, at eight years, had composed three *sonatas*, which the overjoyed father found to be without a fault in harmony. Of course, there was no time lost in cultivating the extraordinary talent of the son, and at sixteen years he assisted his father in teaching, and in leading the service at church. Two years after he left his native village, accompanied by the advice of his father, and the good wishes of his many friends. His knapsack was rather light it is true; but so was his heart; and, humming a favorite air, he made off to seek his fortune. Among other characteristic adventures which befel him, was the following:

He left his native village, Wangerode, during the latter part of April, and on the first of May arrived at Emsthal, where the May-queen was receiving the congratulations of her subjects. He joined the party, and not long after, the dance began. Waltzes and gallopades succeeded each other rapidly, interrupted by the wild country dance so peculiar to that of Germany; and the poor fifer and fiddler engaged for the occasion were hardly allowed breath after one, before another dance was announced. Of course, the fife became so sharp that the ears of all ached; and as one string after another broke on the violin, Alexander took pity on the poor old fiddler. Happening to have a bundle of guitar strings in his pocket, he picked out suitable ones, and after stringing the instrument anew, proposed to take the old performer's place. No sooner had he played the first waltz, than the fifer dropped his instrument in amazement; the dancers were arrested in their steps, and they all crowded around him to hear the strange sounds which he drew

out of the violin. No dancing was there further that night; he played and played until the perspiration ran from him in a stream; and it was long after the usual hour of breaking up that he was allowed to take rest. This was certainly a little farther than he intended to carry the joke; but, rewarded by the smiles of the village beauties, he bade them farewell on the following morning, and departed.

He next sought an engagement as *chor-repetitor* at a provincial theatre. The terms offered were rather low, but having seen Rosalie Mara in the direction-room, he resolved to accept them. As the members of the *troupe* became acquainted with his musical abilities, they respected him; and as he became aware of the intrigues and cabals carried on behind the curtain, he despised them. Rosalie made an exception to this. Corresponding tastes and habits soon brought them nearer and nearer together; and, from being his pupil in music, in which she made great progress, she became his tutor in other things. The awkwardness gradually lost itself, he acquired confidence and consequent grace; and he could be looked at by Rosalie without having occasion to blush at any violation of conventional rules. They interchange accounts of their history, by which he learned she had lost her father when not more than ten years of age; that her mother was forced to earn bread as a wandering harpist; that she accompanied her in her expeditions, and through a good voice and a quick ear was enabled to take her mother's place. It was on one of these excursions that the director of the *troupe* had heard, and immediately after engaged her.

About two years after this, we find the couple in the green-room of the celebrated opera-house at Berlin. Rosalie was *seconda donna*, and Alexander in his old charge of *chor-repetitor*. The friendship existing between them was replaced by the most intense love. It seemed as though one could not live without the other, and when they sat, in a summer evening's twilight, on the balcony at the rear of the house, and sang together, one could not help perceive the union of souls as well as sounds. A duett composed by Alexander for the *tete-a-tete*, was her favorite; and the strains of its melody continually haunted her. But it was at this place where Rosalie first imbibed the sweet poison of unmeaning flattery. The officers of the garrison, who very often came behind the scenes, could not help noticing a creature so lovely, and though at first she indignantly resented their compliments, they at last had their effect. The company of Alexander lost its charms; the favorite duett was no longer sung, and she scarcely took the trouble to replace a broken string on her harp. Alexander's pain and grief were too deep and sincere to allow him to make any display of it—a display which might have brought her back to him. But he was too proud to resort to such means; and, locking up his trouble in his heart, his only object became to protect Rosalie from the snares laid for her by her new lovers.

Owing to the number and rank of her admirers, and to her own vast improvement in singing, we see her again, one year later, in the Grand Opera, at Vienna, as the *prima donna*, and idolized by all the wealth and fashion of the city. Until now Alexander had hoped that she would remain faithful; but when, blinded by ambition of wealth and station, she promised her hand to the count de Fayssoux, his last spark of hope fled. He

raved like a madman; and after showering burning kisses on the ring she had given him, he threw it on the floor and crushed it to pieces. Her miniature was first bathed with tears, and then thrown into the fire. He took an affectionate leave of all these relics of happier days, and then destroyed them all, with the exception of a lock of her hair, which was the first gift he ever received from her. When he heard that the wedding was to be celebrated, he was one of the earliest spectators on the spot. The scene which he had caused in the church restored him for a moment to reason; but in the next moment all was again dark in his mind; and it was in this state that he took his guitar and gave her the melancholy serenade we have mentioned before. When she opened the window he thought he was again in Berlin serenading his beloved Rosalie. This delusion so completely took possession of his mind, that he returned every evening at the same time, calling her in one moment by the most tender names, and in the next reproaching her with faithlessness. A friend of his, alarmed at his declining state of health, prevailed on him to return to his native village, to recruit his mental and physical powers.

No sooner had Rosalie promised her hand to the count, than forebodings of the darkest kind haunted her continually. She had no rest; she could not banish her thoughts; and had her lover been perceived but five minutes before in the cathedral, the marriage ceremony would never have been performed. But this was not granted by fate, and she became thus wretched, without any corresponding hopes of happiness. That her husband should have so soon forgotten her, is not to be wondered at. He had proposed to her in a moment of excitement, and, though regretting it the next moment, could not well retract. He was not much grieved at the loss of his wife, and immediately took steps to procure a divorce, in order to remove the blot upon his escutcheon. The countess had been soon convinced, of his hollowness of heart, and, bewailing her error, she left the palace one evening while her husband was consoling himself for his marriage with a party of friends. She took nothing with her but a necklace, presented to her by the Empress of Austria, after her representation of Norma, and the harp which had belonged to her mother; and which was the only and constant witness of her first and only passion. The gloom which took possession of her mind from the event in the cathedral had deepened into madness by the time she left the palace. She wandered through the fields, playing the air of the duett composed by Alexander. At one time she fancied herself Juliette, and that her lover was Romeo. In the next moment she was Norma, then the countess, then poor Rosalie, wandering with her harp. The director's room, where she first saw Alexander, the stage at Vienna, the palace, and the cathedral, with its gloomy light, were all recalled to her mind in the greatest confusion. Sometimes she called her lover by name, and when asked whither she was going, replied: "to meet Alexander." She avoided all the larger towns in her wanderings; and found more pity from the warm hearted peasants, who gave her food and shelter, than she would have had from the more polished citizens. She wandered in this manner for six months, and at last arrived at the birth-place of Alexander. Here she learned that he had been there, but after burying his father, who died suddenly, had left. She resumed her

wanderings, and the next place she visited was Berlin. Here one of her first admirers saw her in the street, and struck with pity at her forlorn condition, he had her conveyed to a lunatic asylum. From this, after a lucid interval of many months, which caused a relaxed watch over her, she escaped, and resumed her wanderings. She had by chance seen a newspaper which announced his coming marriage, and she determined to seek him, ask his forgiveness, and prepare to die.

Two years after the marriage of Rosalie with the French envoy, the name of Feodor appeared in all the journals of the day. Calmed by a residence of months in his village, and brought to reflection by the death of his father, he soon determined that to resume the study of music was the only way to master his grief. This period was his first triumph. A new opera sent his name through the world, as its successful composer, and as his history also found its way in the papers, a double interest was felt in his beautiful compositions. At a concert-room he had made acquaintance of Maria Lowe, a young lady of remarkable beauty, and of fascinating manners. After a short courtship, he offered her his hand and heart, and was accepted.

At this wedding there were neither gorgeous equipages nor noble guests, and the scene was not in a palace, nor were the actors of noble blood; but the congratulations were as sincerely meant as they were plainly told. The guests had just left the house; the lamps gave out a dim light; and every thing was fast inclining to that state of repose so desirable after confusion and excitement, when Alexander heard a few chords on a stringed instrument. Thinking that his friends meant to surprise him by a serenade, he did not open the window, as his first impulse prompted, in order that they would enjoy the pleasure, as they would think, of awaking him of his slumbers. He called his young wife and listened attentively; but nothing was heard save a few chords on some instrument, played evidently by a masterly hand. Satisfied that this was no serenade from his friends, he ventured to open the window, when a strain of music struck on his ear which chained him on the spot. A weak, but clear voice sung words and music which he well knew. He started; the artificial veil which he had tried to weave between the past and present was rent; and he recognized the duett he had sung years before with Rosalie.

"This must be she!" exclaimed Alexander, and rushed down to the street. She had now changed the words, and "forgive me—forgive me," was the final phrase of the song. "I do forgive thee, as I hope to be forgiven!" cried Alexander, and sprang forward, only to catch her, a lifeless corpse, in his arms. The harp, her only companion, fell to the ground, and with a crash that thrilled his every nerve, broke into pieces.

## MUSICAL TRAVELING-IMPRESSIONS FROM THE EAST.

BY FERY KLETZER.\*

Batavia, the 29th June, 1866.

It is a universally known fact that Batavia is one of the finest colonies, and Java one of

\* From the Berlin *Tonkünstler Verein*. Herr H. Mendel, the editor of the above paper, informs us that, some time since, Herr Fery Kletzer, the well-known Hungarian Violoncellist, forwarded him the following papers, with liberty to publish them, if they should strike him as being sufficiently interesting. In the year 1864, Herr Fery Kletzer and Herr Charles Wehle resolved to make a pro-